

WARREN
MAGAZINE



CREEPLY
#108

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JUNE 1978

VISIONS OF HELL! CREEPLY



ALL NEW STAR WARS ACTION FIGURES!

GREEDO ACTION FIGURE



GREEDO ACTION FIGURE From a galaxy teeming with life the Greedo also stood up as a scoutmaster on Tatooine. One of the alien in the Cantina, Star Wars' Best! The best movie of '77, '78 & '79 rolls on with this new set of action figures. Collect them all for your own collection. Greedo comes with a laser pistol, a blaster arm & legs. 2 1/2" high, molded in black & green plastic. #24216/\$2.95

R5D4 ACTION FIGURE



R5D4 ACTION FIGURE One of the hundreds of droids known to the galaxy, R5D4 was a highly sophisticated, semi-autonomous, programmable droid capable of independent action & limited decision-making capability. This is a highly detailed droid with real markings, a movable head that clicks on your turn it & is 2 1/2" high. #24217/\$2.95

SNAGGLETTOOTH ACTION FIGURE



SNAGGLETTOOTH ACTION FIGURE Another one of the Cantina alien who gave Luke and Obi Wan-Kenobi a hard time as they tried to escape Tatooine and the Imperial Troopers. Comes with laser rifle, articulated arms and legs. The grey skinned alien wears a bright red pressure suit that has a black belt and black trim. Snaggletooth stands a deadly 2 1/2" high. #24218/\$2.95

DEATH STAR DROID ACTION FIGURE



DEATH STAR DROID ACTION FIGURE The brilliant color model of the Death Star is the Empire's battle droid which "roars" all the Death Star's mechanical functions during our homepages. The Death Star droid is the Empire's answer to C-3PO. A shiny silver in color with dead black eyes, it has movable arms and legs for true to life battles. This droid is detailed & 3 1/2" high. #24220/\$2.95

LUKE SKYWALKER ACTION FIGURE



LUKE SKYWALKER ACTION FIGURE Star Wars' Luke Skywalker. Now available dressed as an X-Wing fighter pilot, he has his orange flight suit, no need grip his laser pistol as if he is ready for space adventures with Darth Vader. Luke stands 3 1/2" high and has movable arms and legs. For hours of fun you can now bring your own much battles with Luke in his star warrior uniform and laser pistol. Collect all. #24221/\$2.95

HAMMERHEAD ACTION FIGURE



HAMMERHEAD ACTION FIGURE Another of the strange and wonderful alien from the universe of Star Wars. Luke and Ben encountered the Hammerhead at the Cantina in Mos Eisley on Tatooine. There he was — playing cards and sharing a cup of gray with some very alien friends! He comes with a blue body suit, a laser pistol and movable arms and legs. This spunky olive-green alien is 2 1/2" as also great. #24219/\$2.95

WALRUS MAN ACTION FIGURE



WALRUS MAN ACTION FIGURE From Mos Eisley's Cantina as famous another one of the fabulous Star Wars alien. The Walrus Man is brilliantly colored in his yellow and blue pressure suit and black boots. He is fully articulated with movable arms and legs. He carries his carry on laser rifle. Collect the entire set of Star Wars alien as you can create your own version of the best movie of all. #24223/\$2.95

POWER DROID ACTION FIGURE



POWER DROID ACTION FIGURE Another one of the Star Wars droids, it was the industrial workhorse of the galaxy. It comes in smaller white-blue plastic with black and white trim. It is 2 1/2" high with movable legs that click on "they move". #24222/\$2.95

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CREEPY

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JUNE 1979

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our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Inc., Customer Service Dept., Warren Publish-
ing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

4 DEAR UNCLE CREEPY Our new-
est cover artist, Romus Kekalis, has knocked 'em
dead across the U.S. We have received raves
from every quarter for his #106 cover. The man
behind Joe Wallin step forward to "confess"!

5 HOLE IN THE HEAD Richard Frank
went from being the psychologist to being the
patient. He thought it might be the only way
to discover why his patients were the way they
were. The answer was in the hole in his head!

14 THE COMIC BOOKS Brancatelli
reveals here, and no where else, that Mad Maga-
zine is going commercial for the first time in
memory with an ad from Parker Brothers. Also
mentioned are lawsuits, a new Book Bank & more!

15 CAMELOT CROSSTIME The Con-
necticut Yankee at King Uther's Court was more
of a problem than generally realized. There he was
introducing Colt 45s. That might kill knight-
hood before it flowered and the Middle Ages!

23 SULTANA Hell isn't a place where you
go to be damned eternally. It can be Earth &
the people you live with, or a time and place,
or powers beyond comprehension, or events no-
known that come together to shatter the soul!

33 GOING BY THE BOOK Never a dull
moment in the life of a demon! Especially for
one in the service of a hooam who thinks he is
a nifty wizard. Thank Ghu we demons know what
we're about, because ole Homo Sap sure don't!

41 HOUSE OF MAGIC The great Ber-
nardo was the greatest escape artist anywhere na-
till one day he didn't. And thoo from beyond the
grave, from the very depths of hell he reached
out to protect his secrets. Death is a door to hell!

49 HELL'S PLAYGROUND Only in
Californial Hell isn't all fun and game! It's a
pratty hectic place. All that cooaa, all that
hadiam and all that rushing around just wears
you to a frazzled Answer? Move to the suburbs!

Dear Uncle Greeph,

IS SWORD AND SORCERY SIMPLY SILLINESS?

I just finished reading CREEPY #106. It was fantastic! My CREEPY favorites were "Dumbly the Barbarian" and "Sudden Death Playoff" because of their unusual mind-bending storylines. All the artwork in CREEPY #106 was great.

Please print this letter. I'm sure many other CREEPY and EERIE fans would agree that having reprints of all the old issues would be better than not having them at all.

LARRY HURST
New Orleans, La.

I just finished CREEPY #106. The stories were pretty good especially "Gumbly the Barbarian." The art was amazing and the story was good.

The thing that really caught my attention was the great cover. I have never seen such a good cover in my whole life (except some by *Franka and Ken Kelly*). It was fantastic, practically the best I've seen on a Warren cover. It reminded me of *Coben, Vaulst, Franka and Kelly*. I hope the next issue of CREEPY will have another *Kakali*.

JEFF HAZON
Lincoln, Neb.

Good grief! Where did you ever find *Romas Kakali*? CREEPY #106 has the best cover I've ever seen (it even beats Rich Corben's cover on #50!).

Concerning the letters page, I personally am glad that Joe Wal-
len bit the dust. Anyone that would write something like "I dare you to print this letter you chickens, bawk, bawk, bawk!" deserves to bite the dust.

DUKE SEXTON
Kalamazoo, Ky.

Just a few words of praise for Joe Benvenuti. Yes, you read that quite right. A letter of praise for the ol' "hopper-he-
ases-to-Hell!" - "replace-him-with-a-fan page" source, him-self! Frankly, I often disagree with the man, I find it hard not to consider anyone who praises *Gadnisi*, considers *Elvira* *Gadnisi*, and calls *Howard the Duck* "mame," to be more than a bit of a fool. And, yet, comics need good, rigorous critics. There are lots of damnable things going on in the industry and we need someone to do the damning. Joe's behind the scenes info on the mechanics of publishing and distribution is often interesting (this seems to be his real field of expertise) although at times I wish he'd say more about the books themselves.

IAN McDOWELL
Chapel Hill, N.C.

CREEPY #106 was pretty good! The cover was great. It reminded me of *Ken Kelly*, though not enough to make me think it was him. Keep *Romas Kakali*. The best story was "Gumbly the Barbarian" which had much clearer art from *Paulo Marcos* than usual. Really like the splash page! *Bob Toomey's* artting much better.

Replace *Benvenuti's* column with a page devoted to bios of artists and writers like you used to a few years back... it helps the reader appreciate the stories more if he knows what the creators are trying to do. It also helps to make the mag less impersonal.

BRUCE MCCORMICKALE
Omaha, Neb.

First of all, I have to say that there are few things more de-
signed to turn me off than the words "Sword & Sorcery Special" splashed across the top of a magazine. In other words, I was fully prepared to dislike everything about CREEPY #106. But that was not the case. Only three of the stories could be considered sword-and-sorcery in any genuine sense, and the writers managed largely to avoid the stereotyped macabre-dog-eat-dog-half-baked-brad-from-el-ward silliness that passes for plotting in three-fourths of all stories in this genre.

"Gumbly the Barbarian," for instance, sought to poke a little fun at some of the conventions of the genre, and succeeded very well. In fact, the only fault I could find was that the art *was* the good *Paulo Marcos* illustrations completely over-
whelmed *Bob Toomey's* text.

By contrast, *Roma Gale's* "Saviors in the World Series" fell flat.

Turning now to the more serious fare, "Primal Equation" was spoiled only by its rather hard-to-take ending. Still, it has been good to see *Edo Moses* back at Warren, his new style is much cleaner and more detailed than before.

"Sudden Death Playoff" (putters and sorcery!) was also fine. Nothing earth-shaking, but it was well done. And *Marcos Cane's* art is always a treat.

Moving further afield from the announced subject of the issue, *Larry Hama* and *Val Mayer* contributed to do a beautiful job on "The Art of Killing." How easy it would have been to make the story melodramatic.

The highlight of the issue, however, was "Fangs" *Luise Sullivan*, of whom I've never heard, managed the trick of combining sword-and-sorcery with a traditional vampire theme almost without effort. *Leo Duncanson*, for his part, outdid himself. On some of his combined photo-and-drawing panels, it was impossible to tell which was which.

Lastly, I have to comment on *Romas Kakali*. Since new cover artists are not usually introduced with so much fanfare, you're apparently expecting great things from him. His first effort certainly shows promise. There was *Franka* in the Stories, and *Sanjivan* in the Seventies, now, with the decade coming to an end, perhaps the cover art for the Eighties has been found. **BRIAN CADEN**
Cincinnati, Oh.

Warren's new cover artist, *Romas Kakali* is a worthy addition to Warren graces such as *Franka*, *Sanjivan*, *Ken Kelly* and *Kakali*. Although *Romas CREEPY* #106 cover was not super-spectacular, it was very well done. I am eager to see more. Lots more.

And speaking of great art... take a look at the 10th page of *Public Mercor* "Gumbly the Barbarian." What a masterpiece!

Leo Duncanson's photographic art is brilliant. It worked well with the great script by *Luise Sullivan*. The ending was classic. I didn't care for "Saviors in the World Series," although it did fit well within the issue's theme.

One that I did like was "Sudden Death Playoff." It featured one of *Bob Toomey's* best stories to date. Another "best" was *Hama's* "Saviors" art. His work just gets better and better. That and "The Art of Killing" by *Larry Hama* and *Val Mayer* made the issue totally successful.

T. DOUGLAS
Ontario, Canada

So we bit the dust, huh? I say no because *Joe Wallen* is really two people, *Brian Wallen* and myself. We wrote that letter that appeared in CREEPY #102 so you people at Warren would have a laugh. I mean, though you would print it, even though we dared you to. I agree with *Michael Wise* when he said my letter was idiotic, but then so is your magazine for printing it. We'll take back our comment on *David Kasa*, but that is all we'll take back. If you people think it's stupid to make a little criticism, then I think you are all related to the Spanish artists.

One thing I've noticed since I wrote to you last is that your magazine has slowly been improving. I even bought CREEPY #106, which is the first time I've ever done that. I used to read CREEPY in the stores.

And the comment, "I dare you to print this letter you chickens, bawk, bawk, bawk" line wasn't mine. Brian made it up.

JOE ROMANOW
Tampa, Fl.

Dear Uncle Greeph,

C/O WARREN PUBLISHING
145 EAST 24th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016



Terrance Lindall

"IT ALL ADDS UP!"

Terrance Lindall debuts with his spectacularly manic cover painting on this issue! An accountant until recently, he's given up numbers for painting. Terry's 35, self-taught and very, very talented. His special vision, as promised on the cover and in the self-portrait at the left, was influenced by Bruegel, Bosch & Grossevald.

I MEAN REALLY IN HERE

BEHIND HIS EYES

BLACK BOTTOMLESS PIT VOIR OF THE
LITTLE KNOWN.

AND THIS PLACE, 400'Y
HALLS OF SHUDDER TUNE
AND PLASTER DIRTY STE -
GLUTY ALONG A LONG HALL -
JURY OF SILENT SCREAMING
FROM THE INSIDE

AND THE DOOR'S LOCKED,
OF COURSE, TO KEEP THE
CRAZINESS AWAY

WHEN ITS NOT EVEN WERE TO
BORN WITH

708LL, 708PL,
2040S, 708S, 708P
及 708LY

IN ANOTHER
CLASSROOM

LOOK DOK I KNOW
YOU THINK I'M A NUTS -- OR --
BECAUSE ME -- STATE CERTIFIC-
TION NUMBER 295 30 SCH 20
PHYSICIAN REACTION ACUTE PAR-
ANOIA TYPE DRUG INDUCED
BUT WHAT I'M SAYING IS TRUE
THOSE POOR BASTARDS OUT
SIDE AREN'T REALLY MARRIED

GRASS, PAULINE CORSET
IN WARD & TRIED TO CHOKER ME
THIS MORNING SHE PUT UP A GOOD
FIGHT FOR SOMEONE HOT
REALLY HOT

STATE HOSPITAL	0000	TELEPHONE
NAME Richard Frank	0000	
Address 1234 Street, Ellison, Mass.		
MARITAL STATUS	single	

LISTEN I
KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE
THE BARKING OF A MADMAN
BUT ITS STILL TRUE DAMMIT
TRUE! TRUE! TRUE! AND
I'M NOT A LYING TIC!

MISSION REPORT

STATE HOSPITAL
NAME Richard Frank, Ellison,
 Clark Street, 5/23/47 **MARITAL STATUS**

PHYSICAL
 I LIKE
 A HARDY
 GUY
 TRUE AND
 MATE

MISSION REPORT
 18/78, police answered a call from the patient's neighbor of screaming coming from his room. Upon entering, the patient, Gregory Frank, naked, lying on the floor acts and the patient had become more and more furtive and neighbors stated to get away. Further, strange smells had been coming from the patients' room for the preceding few days.

REALLY CALM DOWN
 THERE'S NO NEED TO GET
 UPSET. I'M LISTENING AND
 TRYING TO UNDERSTAND

ALL RIGHT! ALL
 RIGHT! OH GOD, SOMETHING'S MY MIND SCREAMS

I UNDERSTAND, I
 UNDERSTAND HOW I
 FEEL. BUT I
 TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED
 YOU GO FROM BEING A
 HERO TO BEING ONE OF
 THOSE PATIENTS?

OK, OK, OK

ALL RIGHT! ALL
GROW! ON GOD, SOME
TUES. ANY AND SOON

I UNDERSTAND, BRIG. I UNDERSTAND NOW, I'VE READ THE KE REPORT, BUT I WANT NOW TO ME WHAT HAPPENED WHAT MADE GO FROM BEING A THERAPIST TO BEING ONE OF THE PATIENTS?

OK DOG, BUT TRY TO
KEEP AN OPEN MIND. THE WHOLE
THING SOUNDS PRETTY CRAZY AND
REALSIE THAT ANYWAY. WHEN I
WORKED HERE AT ALLSOUTH STATE,
IT WAS IN THE BACK WOODS WHERE
THEY TREAT THE CARGO CARS
THE HOLIDAYERS.

ELLISON STATE HOSPITAL EMPLOYMENT RECORD	
NAME	TITLE
Richard Frank	Mental health therapist
10/4/72	11/17/73 Administration of Malibu Therapeutic Institution of Behavior Modification
	Convulsive

ELLISON STATE HOSPITAL EMPLOYMENT RECORD		
NAME	TITLE	
Richard Frank	Mental health therapist	
10/4/72 to 11/17/73	Administrator of	
9/12/75	Institution of Milieu Therapy Pro	
	development of Behavior Modification	
	Electroconvulsive Therapy as	
	degree of enthu	
	knowledge	

THE PEOPLE IN MY CASeload HERE TYPICALLY CHRONIC AND AT QUESTION, BORN OUT OF YEARS OF FRUSTRATION AND FAILURE. WAS WHY? WHY DON'T THEY GET WELL?

WERE CONFUSED THAT MAYBE THEY
WEREN'T SICK TO BEGIN WITH. I BEGAN
TO REALLY LISTEN TO THEM. BELLEVUE
JOHN HOSBELL CLAIMED THAT ADVISERS
WERE TRYING TO EAT HIM.

YOU'ND
LEAVE ME ALONE!

ANOTHER OF MY PATIENTS,
ERICA STEPHAN, WAS
ADDICTED TO THE SERIAL
ACTIVITIES OF BEAGONS.

OOOHH, MOAN, LOVE
ME! LOVE ME! LOVE ME!
LOVE ME! LOVE ME!

OH AND ON THE
SO-CALLED BELLEVUE WENT
DIFFERENT IN FORM, BUT THEY ALL
HAD ONE COMMON DYNAMIC.

THAT SOME
THING... I GUESS... ALIEN
AND HOSTILE WAS ATTEMPTING
TO ABUSE THEM.

ONLY ON SOME
DIFFERENT PLANE OF
REALITY AND OBVIOUSLY PER-
CEIVED WITH A LOT OF
DISTORTION.

LE
HOS
TATL

DE BRILL,
WHAT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT SORCERY?

VERY
LITTLE, I AM
AFRAID.

WELL, I KNOW ENOUGH TO BE AFRAID. SORCERY IS MY
HOBBY, SORT OF. I'VE READ QUITE A BIT ON THE SUBJECT
AND EVEN DID A FEW PAPERS ON IT WHEN I WAS AN
UNDERGRADUATE.

CAN I HAVE A
CIGARETTE, PLEASE? A
CIGARETTE, PLEASE. CAN I
HAVE A CIGARETTE, PLEASE?
CAN I, PLEASE PLEASE?

NOT TO MENTION THE FACT
THAT I WAS *abused* BY
A BITCH.

DON'T TOUCH
ME! *DEFINITELY* GET
YOUR DIRTY HANDS AWAY FROM
ME! AND NO CIGARETTES!
THEY'RE MINE! MINE!

MY MOTHER USED TO PRACTICE
WITH A Coven in Salem, AND
SHE TAUGHT ME WHAT SHE KNEW
WHICH WASN'T MUCH. NOTHING
HEAVY OR EARTH SHATTERING,
JUST THE PHILOSOPHIES AND
WAYS OF THOUGHT BEHIND THE
MAGIC RITUALS.

DIE! DIE!
BY THE EVIL
EYE! DID!

AND WHY NOT SORCERY? SORCERY ENTAILS TRANSFORMING SOME OF THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF OTHER UNIVERSES (OR REALITIES) INTO OURS BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL KIND OF GATEWAY, THE OPENING WHICH LIES, IN ESSENCE, IN THE MIND OF THE SORCERER. HE ACTIVATES IT BY DRINKING CERTAIN POTIONS, CHANTING LONG-FORGOTTEN MANTRAS, AND OTHER USE-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN IN THIS WAY, HE OR SHE CAN SUMMON THE ESSENCE OF CREATIONS FROM OTHER WORLDS AND OUR OWN REALITY HERE. AHA! WE HAVE OUR DEMONS AND DRAGONS AND OTHER STUFF OF LEGENDS.

HOW SOME VARIATION OF THAT PROCESS ONLY IN REVERSE COULD ACCOUNT FOR WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO MY PATIENTS. I FIGURED THAT THE ONLY TEST WOULD BE FOR ME TO GO TO WHERE THE ACTION WAS--IN ESSENCE, TO GO CRAZY--AND SEE FOR MYSELF.

WITH MY MOTHER'S HELP, I MOVED UP ON THE SUBJECT--STUDIED THE ANCIENT TEXTS AND SCROLLS THAT SHE RECOMMENDED. PRACTICED THE PSYCHO-ANALYTIC SYLLABLES. THE WHOLE BIT IT TOOK ME A YEAR. THEN I WAS READY.


THE DAY I GOT THERE WAS SIMPLE. SOME OF THE MORE WILD OF THE ARKANE TEXTS TELL HOW TO MIX A PORTION OF CERTAIN HERBS AND OTHER MATERIALS, THIS, UPON CONSUMPTION, SERVES TO OPEN THE GATE ALLOWING PERCEPTION OF ALL THE BYROAD WAYS.

SO I SAT IN THE CENTER OF MOOBY'S DECAGON AND DRANK THE STUFF... IT SMELLED BAD, LIKE BURNING SULPHUR AND TASTED WORSE THAN LIQUID TOBACCO. I CONCENTRATED ON A FORGOTTEN EASTERN MANDALA THAT REPRESENTED THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.

SUDDENLY THE MANDALA'S PATTERN REACHED UP AND SURROUNDED ME IN ITS PRISON OF MEANING...

AND DEATH ENVELOPED FROM THE CENTER, WITH THE UNIVERSE IN HIS BELLY, GRINNING HORRIBLY AS HE DANCED AROUND ME IN MY CASE.

AS HE DANCED, HE SERVED TO TAKE AWAY ALL MY PACARS, MY ROLES... THERAPIST, CITIZEN, MAN, EVEN HUMAN... UNTIL, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO BE... EXCEPT ME... 3-3



OVER I REMAINED UNAWARENESS I WAS
ON AN EERIE PLAIN OF BLACK SAND. I
KNEW I WASN'T ON EARTH CAUSE THERE
WAS A WHOLE BUNCH OF LARGE MOONS
IN THE NIGHT SKY.

I STOOD WONDERING ABOUT THE PLACE WHEN
SUDDENLY I HEARD A HIGH INTENSE SHRILL
SCREAM THAT AFFECTED ME LIKE FINGER
NAILS SCRATCHING A BLACKBOARD. AN IN-
DESCRIBABLE THING SNAPPED DOWN OUT OF
NOWHERE AND GRABBED MY ARMS LIFTING US
ME ON ITS POWERFUL SAFFRINGS.

"HAD THE FACE OF A DEVIL--EYES
BURNING WITH AN AUBURN HUNGER, ITS
MOUTH HUNG OPEN AND FROM DRIPPING
JAWS CAME THE SICKENING SMELL OF
DECAYING MEAT.

WE FLEW TO ONE OF THE CAVES IN
THE CLIFFS THAT YERD AT THE EDGE
OF THE PLAIN AND THE THING TORSED
US INSIDE." THE CLIFF WAS SMOOTH
AS GLASS AND THERE WAS NO WAY
DOWN FROM THE CAVE.

THE WALLS GLOWED WITH SOME KIND OF
PHOSPHORESCENT STUFF AND WHAT
I SAW...

THERE WERE PEOPLE THERE--HUGGED
AGAINST THE WALLS. THE FEAR IN THEIR
FACES SCREAMED CLAT-YE. EACH
PERSON WAS WEARING AN ARMY OF
DOZENS PARTS OF HIS BODY AND
TEETH. MARKS IN REDDISH CLEAN BONES
TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS
AND WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR ME. I
DON'T SEE THE HELL OUT OF THERE



I SUSAN THE WORDS ON THE PELLE TO
SET ME BACK WHEN ONE OF THOSE
TAWAS HEARD AND CAME FOR ME

AND HERE I THERE ALL MY INSURANCE ON TWO
ONE IN THE REALMS OF SCIENCE, MY POWER
IS OFTEN TRANSLATED INTO PHYSICAL POWER
SO WITH THE ADDED FORCE OF MY WILL I
SMASHED THE MONSTER IN THE FACE AND IT
FELL BACK.

MY I WED TO KILL A REVOLVER
TO EXTENDED BUT SINCE I DON'T
KNOW HOW GUNS WORKED EXACTLY
NOTHING HAPPENED

THE MONSTER WAS UP AGAIN AND
CHARGING AT ME FAST SO I CON-
JURED UP A SIMPLE TOOL - A
GIANT TWO HANDED BROADSWORD

WHEN I KILLED IT, IT SHRIEKED
BUT THE SOUND OF THE SCREAM
WAS DEAFENING AND BECAME TO
COME FROM OUTSIDE THE CAVE



I WENT TO THE ENTRANCE AND LOOKED
UP. THE SKY WAS COVERED WITH FLYING
DEMONS JUST LIKE THE ONE I'D JUST
SLAIN. I THINK ITS PAWNS WAS SOME-
HOW FELT BY ALL OF THEM.

THEN THEY WERE ON ME LIKE SOME
TORN WAVE OF CLAWS AND TEETH.

I SLASHED AND HACKED AT THEM
AND TRIED THROUGH THEIR DEAD-
ENING SCREAMS, TO CONCENTRATE
ON THE WORDS THAT WOULD BRING
ME BACK.

WOW!
CLUTCH---

THINGS STARTED TO SPIN AND I FELT
SOMETHING "SHAKE AT MY ARM" AND A
PAIN, ANYGOOD THE PAWNS I HADN'T
BEEN ABLE TO THINK STRAIGHT
SINCE. I STILL FEEL THAT SOME-
THING'S MISSING. ANYWAY I
BLACKED OUT.

SO I ANKED
IN THE ADMITTING
WARD AND HERE I
AM.

THAT WAS
A PRETTY UNUSUAL
STORY GREG!

DAMNIT!
YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE
ME I AM NOT INSANE. THIS
ISN'T AN EFFECT OF THE
POTCH I TOOK. IT WAS
REAL. **REAL!** DOES IT
SOUND THAT CRAZY?

NOW, CALM
DOWN, GREG, AND
LET ME GO!

HERE, DRINK
THIS. YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER.

I AM
GETTING UP-
TIGHT, THANKS

SAY WHAT WAS
THAT? IT TASTED
FAMILIAR, BUT NOT LIKE
MY OTHER MEDICINES

JUST A
SEBASTIAN, GREG
SOMETHING TO MAKE
YOU REST.

BEST AM
T-BING PARANOIA OR
DID THAT STUFF SMELL
LIKE ROTTEN EGGS?

YOU'RE JUST
BENS PARANOIA.

END

THE COMIC BOOKS

by Joe Brancatelli

SO MUCH FOR TRADITIONS

Over the years—27 of them to be exact—*Mad* has changed from an adult humor comic book to a children's humor magazine, but two seemingly inviolate traditions evolved. Except for some early issues, *Mad* has never accepted paid advertising even though its huge circulation (about 2 million copies) would command similarly huge rates. Except for paper-back books and a self-produced poster or two, *Mad* has steadfastly refused to license its name or characters for use on products, toys or other gimmicks.

Both traditions have now been violated.

At the annual American Toy Fair in New York recently, Parker Brothers, the "Monopoly" people, announced plans for a new board game called—*you guessed it*—tradition lovers—"The *Mad* Magazine Game." Moreover, Parker reported, the game will be advertised on the inside front cover of the October issue of—*need we write it?*—*Mad* magazine.

The game itself seems to be a pretty fair translation of the magazine. Or, as Parker publicly says, the game concentrates on "easy fun which pokes fun at traditional board games." Players move counter clockwise on a game board studded with such *Mad* regulars as Spy Vs. Spy, Alfred E. Newman and characters from the strips of Don Martin, Dave Berg and other *Mad* artists. To win the game, the player is supposed to lose all his "Mad money." The game, which should cost about \$7-85, even has an original color drawing by Jack Davis on the box.

Bill Martin, a Parker marketing manager, said at the Toy Fair that Parker approached *Mad*

with the game on a "totally speculative" basis. "They were wildly enthusiastic about it," he added, explaining how Parker convinced the magazine's hierarchy to break one of its hallowed traditions.

As for the ad in the October issue, Martin refused to disclose how much—if anything—Parker paid for the space, but he did produce a mock-up advertisement and the first out of a television commercial filmed to promote the game.

Parker, naturally, expects to make the *Mad* game what the toy industry calls "a game board staple," a game that sells year after year regardless of economic conditions, lulls in the toy market or downturns in the number of interested buyers. Parker has a fairly impressive record in producing staples, too. Besides "Monopoly," which has been around 40 years now, Parker is also the company behind such standards as "Clue," "Risk," "Payday" and "Canars."

The more important question, however, is whether *Mad* is planning to expand its acceptance of advertising and increase licensing in the future. It might indicate the company, a subsidiary of Warner Communications, is finally abandoning those two traditions that have stood *Mad* in such good stead for the better part of three decades.

Oh well, all good things must come to an end, especially when there's an opportunity to make money.

HELLO ROOK, HELLO LEE

The Rook, Bill DuBay's character which has been popping up all over

the Warren magazines lately, gets its own magazine this summer. Tentative publication date for *Rook* #1 is July 31, according to DuBay, who says he's also going to be the editor. There'll also be one of those Warren Presents one-shot magazines dedicated to The Rook, scheduled for on sale March 13th.

All that is nice news, of course, but pales by comparison to the fact that Lee Elias, one of the very few truly great American comic-book artists, will be working on some Rook stories.

Elias, who began his long career in the early 1940s, got his first Rook assignment last September. Elias worked on it until early February ("I knocked my brains out on it," he says) and finally turned the 26-page story into a symphony of "washes, charcoal and juicy blacks."

As life would have it, however, the story doesn't seem destined to see the light of day in the near future. DuBay, who says the job is "gorgeous," also says big boss Jim Warren has slapped an arbitrary limit on the page length of Rook stories. DuBay says the Elias job is "so nice, I don't want to make it a two-parter, so I'll hold it for a while."

Thumbly, however, DuBay is apparently intent on getting an Elias story into that first issue of *Rook* in July. "I'll give him a shorter story to do, use that in the first issue and run the 26-pager when I can," DuBay says.

No matter what Elias work eventually appears, though, look forward to a treat. The 50-year-old artist's work has been hard to find lately ("I'm really disgusted with the garbage in most comic

books," he says), but he's perfectly suited for Warren magazines. He has no peer in his strategic uses of blacks, has an exciting, minimal style that should work well in black and white books and is a master storyteller.

SHORT SHOTS

A 4-year-old Brooklyn, New York boy died February 11, ten days after he jumped out of a seventh-story window while allegedly trying to imitate Superman. According to police accounts, Charles Green had seen Superman The Movie the week before and his mother said "he'd been flying around the house all week, jumping off of tables and chairs." After Green's death at Kings County Hospital, his mother said the death had nothing to do with the movie. The child dangled from a window ledge by his fingertips for several minutes, then plunged to the ground. He was rushed to a hospital in critical condition, but never regained consciousness.

There's a big lawsuit or two brewing between some small comic-book distributors and the major comic-book and science-fiction magazine publishers. The suits, originally filed in a Baltimore Federal Court, involve National/DC, Marvel, Warren, Phil Seuling and Irlax Distributors, among others. It's become a mess of claims and cross complaints, all based on allegation of predatory pricing. Should be fun to watch, gang.

The ratings of all the prime-time television shows based on comic-book characters have been in the danger throughout most of the 1978-1979 season. Most will be gone by the new season.

THEY BURN WITCHES HERE.

WITCHES SUCH AS HANK CLEMENS, IDEALIST AND INVENTOR, WHO APPEARED IN A PUFF OF SMOKE YESTERDAY AND CAUSED SUCH A COMMOTION THAT IT TOOK KING UTHUR'S MEN-AT-ARMS FULLY HALF AN HOUR TO SUBDUCE HIM.

BUT TODAY HE'LL PAY FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE.

HALT, I SAY—
YOU'LL NOT BURN
HANK CLEMENS
TODAY!

EXECUTIONER—
THE TORCH!

MAYBE!

Camelot Crosstime

SCRIPT: JEAN NICHELE MARTIN/ART: KAL MAYERIK





GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN
TEMPTERS.
THIS WAY TO
DECONTAM.

I WONDER HOW THEY CAME
TO CALL US "TEMPTERS"?

PROBABLY FROM
"TEMPORAL TRANSTATERS"
YOU HAVE TO ADMIT IT'S
EASIER TO SAY THAN
"ARCHAEO-ANTHRO-
POLOGISTS!"



UMMM--HOT
WATER! I WISH
CAMELOT HAD
INDOOR PLUMBING

BUT THAT WOULD
BE AN ANACHRONISM--
AND THAT'S SOMETHING
WE CAN'T AFFORD.



WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT
CLEMENS? WE CAN'T LET
HIM "CIVILIZE" CAMELOT.

WE MAY HAVE NO
CHOICE. IF A.A.I. DIDN'T
PLACE HIM, THEY CAN'T REMOVE
HIM. HERE WE ARE!

WELL, HENRY CLEMENS OF BOSTON,
WAS BORN IN 1865, AND VANISHED IN
1892. HE HAD A REPUTATION WITH HIS
NEIGHBORS AS AN ECCENTRIC AND CLAIMED
TO BE WORKING ON A TIME MACHINE.
I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T HELP YOU,
ARWEN. IT LOOKS LIKE HE GOT
THERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER.

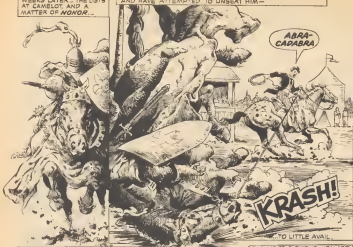


BUT HE'LL RUIN
EVERYTHING!

I CAN'T
CHALLENGE HIM,
TO COMBAT BUT
I HAVE AN **IDEA**
THAT JUST MIGHT
WORK...

A FEW FRANKFEMPORAL WEEKS LATER... THE LISTS AT CAMELOT, AND A MATTER OF HONOR...

KING UTHERS KNIGHTS DON'T LIKE THIS STRANGE WIZARD, AND HAVE ATTEMPTED TO UNSEAT HIM—



YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE LAST OF THIS WARLOCK!



HA HA HA—THREE DOWN, NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF YANKEE INGENUITY, SON!



THANKS TO CLEMENS, MEN ARE LEAVING CAMELOT RIGHT AND LEFT. WHEN THE NORTHERNERS COME A-YOKING NEXT SPRING, THEY'LL FIND CAMELOT EASY PREY... IF THE GRIMNEY KINGS OR THE CHILDREN OF LLYR DON'T ATTACK FIRST!



PRETTY SLICK, HEY BOY? I SET MY LORD AGGRAVINE SQUARE ON HIS TAIL. FOR SURE, SAY, WHO'S THE LITTLE LADY I SAW IN THE WINDOW?



SHE IS LORD ARWEN'S LADY, SIR HANK—WILL YOU TEACH ME TO UNSEAT KNIGHTS THAT WAY?

YOU BET, ART. THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES MADE AROUND HERE.



LATER...

YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH, SIR KNIGHT—GOOD DAY!

BUT I—WOMEN! A THOUSAND YEARS HASN'T CHANGED 'EM A BIT.

NOW THE FIRST THING I'M GONNA SET UP HERE IS A SOAP FACTORY, STANDS TO REASON A MAN CAN'T GO COURTIN' SMELLIN' LIKE A GOAT—!

COURTIN' MY LORD?

ARTOS? ARTOS, THERE YOU ARE—COME ALONG YOUR TUTOR HAS BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER THE CASTLE FOR YOU!

FRAD I'LL BE A BAD INFLUENCE ON THE BOY, EN'T WELL, PROGRESS IS A COMIN', MA'AM, AND THERE'S NO STOPPIN' IT!

BRISEN CAN KEEP ARTOS AWAY FROM THE WIZARD HANK CLEMENS, BUT SHE HAD NO SUCH LUCK IN BLOCKING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SOAP FACTORY IN WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED! AND SO...

ANOTHER FOLLY OF THE WIZARD GOD CURSE HIM.

HE'S BEEN HERE TWO MONTHS AND CAMELOT IS LIKE A MADHOUSE. IF ONLY IF MY PLAN SUCCEEDS...

WHAT IS THAT STENCH, ARWEN? IT SMELLS LIKE A BATTLEFIELD THREE DAYS GONE!

YOU HAVE MORE REASON THAN MOST, WITHAL HE'S MAKING SHEEP'S EYES AT YOUR LADY!

I WILL HEAR NO—

MY LORD ARWEN! MY LORD, A MESSENGER AWAITS YOU IN YOUR CHAMBERS.

AND HOW FARE MY LANDS, WELAND?

THEY PROSPER, LORD, AND MORE TO YOUR LIKING YOUR 'SHIPMENT HAS COME AND HAS BEEN PLACED AT LUDSGATE.

DINNER THAT EVENING IS A FESTIVE AFFAIR, WITH EVERYONE EAGER TO HEAR NEWS OF THE WORLD.

TELL US, GOOD WELAND, WHAT NEWS DO YOU BRING OF THE LANDS BEYOND?

THE PEOPLE ARE FILLED WITH AWE AT THE GREAT WIZARD YOU HAVE BOUND TO YOUR SERVICE, KING, BUT MORE THAN THAT, THEY FEAR THE DRAGON THAT HAS LATELY BEEN SEEN AT LUDSGATE.

PERFECT! NOW IF CLEMENS JUST TAKES THE BAIT...

OH, MY LORD ARWEN, MY HEART QUIVERS WITHIN ME AT THE THOUGHT.

A DRAGON, WELAND?

YES, MY KING — TWICE THE SIZE OF A WAR STALLION AND BREATHING FIRE PROMISES —

BALDER-DASH!

BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, MAJESTY — BUT THERE JUST AIN'T NO SUCH CRITTER!

THEN YOU'D BETTER GET READY TO ARWEN OLD SON, 'CAUSE COME SUNUP I'M GOING DRAGON-HUNTING!

OH, SIR HANK, BE NOT SO RASH, I BEG YOU!

THERE SPEAKS A FOOL, MY FRIENDS, I MYSELF HAVE SEEN SUCH A BEAST, AND WOULD AWARD THE HAND OF MY LADY TO THE KNIGHT BRAVE ENOUGH TO FACE ONE.

ARWEN, IF THIS DOESN'T WORK I'M GOING TO STAB HIM IN THE BACK MYSELF!

TUSH, MA'AM, TAIN'T A THING TO WORRY ABOUT I'LL MOP UP THIS LIZARD AND BE BACK FORE LUNCH!

DAWN THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A SMALL GROUP BIDS FAREWELL TO UTHUR'S NEWEST KNIGHT-ERRANT.

WELAND WILL TAKE YOU AS FAR AS LUDSGATE, SIR HANK. ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU DO NOT WISH TO GO ARMED?

SHUCKS, SONNY—I AM ARMED, AND IT WON'T TAKE MUCH TO SLAY THIS DRAGON OF YOURS!

GOODBYE, MY LORD HANK!

FAREWELL, GOOD SIR.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, ARWEN?

CLEMENS LABORATORY. I WANT TO BE FINISHED BEFORE THE CASTLE WAKES UP.

LOOK AT THIS! THE DAMNED FOOL WAS GOING TO MAKE GUNPOWDER NEXT! GUNPOWDER MEANS GUNS, AND THE END OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM!

INTO THE ARE WITH ALL THESE UNFINISHED PLANS!

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN DRAGONS, MY LADY? SHAME ON YOU AFTER ALL HANK CLEMENS DIDN'T BELIEVE IN DRAGONS EITHER...

I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT GOOD SENDING HIM OFF ON A WILD LIZARD CHASE IS.

"...AND RIGHT NOW HE'S
GETTING THE SHOCK OF
HIS LIFE!!"



the End

Sultana

SULTANA
THE ARMY CARRIES ME
BECAUSE OF YOUR WAR IS A
WOMAN'S GAME. RETURN TO THE
PALACE AND TEACH MY
HAREM YOUR STORIES.

YOU ARE ONLY
IN THE WAY HERE!
PLEASE, CHILD?

I AM THE ONLY CHILD OF THE
GRAND VIZIER. HE IS DEAD NOW
AND I WILL ADVISE MY SULTAN IN
HIS STEAD. PERHAPS I WILL
BE THE NEW VIZIER.
I STAY HERE.

EVERY ONE KNOWS THAT A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HAREM, AND
THAT WOMEN ARE ONLY GOOD FOR DANCING, COOKING AND
PLEASING THEIR MASTERS IN A THOUSAND AND ONE WAYS



+ RINGS OFF +





WELL SOLDIERS! YOU
MADE YOUR CHOICE.
THIS IS YOUR REWARD
FOR RIDING DOWN A
POOR BEGGAR!



RIDE, SULTANA!
THE TURKS HAVE SENT A
DEMON FROM HELL
TO MURDER US ALL!



RIDE TO THE PALACE!
TELL THEM HELL IS
UNLEASHED UPON
PERSIA!!

AAAEE!!
E-ERUPTING!!
SQUIRMING
DEMONS
INSIDE ME!!
AAAAHH!!

SHE SAW FIVE THOUSAND SOLDIERS OF THE
SULTAN'S GUARD, RIPPED APART BY UNHOLY
MAGIC



ONLY BECAUSE SHE WAS A WOMAN, SULTANA
WAS ALLOWED TO ESCAPE. EVEN SOL-
DIERERS AND DEMONS DEER TO THE
"WEAKER SEX!!"





I AM KALIFAH THE DARK BEER. THESE ARE MY TURKS YOU SLAY. THESE HERCULEANES COST 5000 MONEY. YOU KNOW, WHOOM SHALL I BILL?

QUICKLY, BLACK KALIFAH GRANTS YOU AN AUDIENCE! PERHAPS HE WANTS YOU TO FEED HIS PET!
HAHAHAHAHA!



HAHAHAHA! NO POWER ON EARTH CAN PROTECT YOU FATTED PERSIANS! YOU ARE RICH AND SPOILED AND CANNOT FIGHT! YOU HAVE HAD TOO MUCH, NOW YOU LOSE IT ALL!

BUT, YOU WOMAN ARE A BRAVE PATRIOT. IN FACT, I BROUGHT MY 'PET' JUST TO DEAL WITH BRAVE PATRIOTS LIKE YOU!



OH GREAT GOD, I'M GOING TO BE SICK! I CAN'T STAND WORKS. YEECCHH!



MY PET IS NAMED NEJAZ! AND HIS FAVORITE DISH IS HAREM WENCHES! LIKE THIS!



SHE'S CRAZY. IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE. WE WERE JUST... MUMPHH!

BUT I AM A TERRIBLE HOST! YOURS WILL BE THE ROOM ADJOINING HEJAZ'S ONE PREP FROM YOU AND



...I'LL RAISE THE BARRIER.



SON I WAS ONCE CALLED
SANA, FIRST WIFE TO THE
SULTAN. BUT I COULD ONLY
GIVE HIM A DAUGHTER!
DISGRACED I GAVE OUR
CHILD TO MY BROTHER, THE
GRAND VIZIER, AND EXILED
MYSELF TO THE LOWER
WORLDS...



YOU... YOU ARE MY
CHILD. ROYAL BLOOD
FLOWS IN YOUR VEINS.
YOU HAVE A DESTINY
TO FULFILL... FOR YOUR
PEOPLE. LEAD THEM...
GUARD THEM FROM
EVIL... MY SWEET
DAUGHTER.

I HEARD OF
THE DEATH OF THE VIZIER
AND CAME TO GIVE MY
DAUGHTER MY SECRETS
SO THAT... SHE COULD
CONTROL HER OWN
DESTINY!



WITH IT IF HE WORE EVIL HE COULD
DESTROY THE WORLD. BUT SULTANA
ALONE COULD SAVE PERSIA
AND WITH THAT SANA DIED



NOW I MUST DO WHAT
NO MAN COULD DO
DELIVER PERSIA FROM
DESTRUCTION.
GUARDS! GUARDS!
COME QUICK!
YOU MUST SEE!



SHE WAS BORN TO
PRESERVE THEIR
HERITAGE, TO TELL
THEM THE TALES OF
PERSIAN MYSTERIES
AND WONDERS...
SO THE WORLD WILL
NEVER LOSE ITS
TASTE FOR DELIGHT
SO THEY WILL STAY
YOUNG FOREVER...
FOR HOW CAN INNOCENT
CHILDREN DESTROY
THE WORLD?

SHE TOOK THE ANCIENT CRYSTAL AND THE WORD
TO SUMMON THE POWERS OF EVIL
FOR ONLY EVIL CAN STAND AGAINST EVIL
AND THE MAGIC WORD WAS SULTANA...



TAKE THEIR WEAPONS.
SILENTLY NOW I LEAVE
THEIR BODIES FOR NEJAZ'S
DELIGHT. WE ARE FREE!
DEATH TO THE TURKS AND
THEIR EVIL WIZARD!
FOR PERSIA!



HANAHAN!
SO YOU ARE THE
NEW LEADER OF
PERSIA, BUT I MUST
GIVE YOU A RE-
WARD, THEN!



IT'S FROM
HEJAZ!

MY MOST PRIZED
POSSESSION! THE
HEAD OF THE ONE WHO
SO KINDLY SLEW THE
SULTAN'S ARMY FOR ME.
THIS IS MY PRIZE
TO YOU!!



MOTHER!!!



THE WOMAN WAS
MY MOTHER, WIFE OF
THE SULTAN, SISTER OF
THE WIZER AND YOUR
TICKET TO HELL!!

HANAHAN!!



YOU IDIOT HAREM-BENCH!
YOU SHOULD HAVE WHISLED
YOUR WIFE AT ME INSTEAD OF
THAT SWORD! TURKS!! KILL
THEM ALL!! HANAHAN!!

MY TURKS WILL BUTCHER
ALL OF PERSIA! BUT YOU,
MY LITTLE HAREM GIRL...
I'M SAVING YOU FOR...

HEJAZ!



CLANG

CRUSH

THIP



ALLAH GUIDE
MY SWORD!



WHUMPP

NOOOO!



I MUST USE THE
CRYSTAL FOR ALL
MY FORTUNE
THIS NIGHT!



SULTANA!!

DEMONS FROM HELL
SOLDIERS OF PERSIA!
RETURN ONCE MORE...
INVINCIBLE!!

IT IS SAID AN ENCHANTMENT
LASTS ONLY THROUGH THE
NIGHT...



BY THE FIREGLOW THE PERSIANS
COULD SEE GHOSTLY DEMONS
SLAYING TURKS AT THEIR SIDE

THE GHOSTS OF
THE SULTAN'S
ARMY... HE
CURSED!

DEMON SWORDS FLASHED AND BLOOD RAN
ANKLE DEEP IN THE STREETS...



BUT WITH THE DAWN THE DEMONS AND
THE UNDEAD FLED...



AND RETURNED TO THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

BUT WHEN THE DAWN CAME, ONLY LIVING PATRIOTS STARED AT EACH OTHER NUMBLY ACROSS A SEA OF TURKISH CARNAGE. IT WAS DONE. THAT IS HOW SHE WOULD RETELL THE STORY.



AND THEN THEY BROKE THEIR SWORDS, WITH THE HOPE THEY WOULD NEVER NEED BE REFORGED.



PRINCESS, YOU ARE A MIGHTY VICTOR! LET US REPAIR AND CELEBRATE WITH WINE AND SONG! WE DESERVE IT!



NO OUTR, MY SWEET THING, NOT FOR BLOOD AND SORROW, WE MUST TEND THE WOUNDED AND BURY THE DEAD. THEY DESERVE OUR ATTENTION NOW.

WE MUST GATHER THE DEAD AND PREPARE THE LIVING TO LIVE AGAIN. THAT IS WHAT A LEADER MUST DO!



SOMEONE WILL HAVE TIME FOR LIFE AGAIN!



BUT NOW, FOR ME, A HOT BATH IN PERFUMES, RYDOW BER, AIDOW... AND A GOOD LONG CRY.

GOODNIGHT, MY SWEET, SULTANA.

Y-YES MY PRINCESS!

Going by the Book



WE HAD NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TAKE THE OLD FOXBORO ROAD, AND NEITHER OF US FELT LIKE WALKING... THE BOSS WAS IN ONE OF THOSE MOODS HE WANTED ME AROUND BUT HE KNOWS THAT PEOPLE AND ANIMALS GET NERVOUS IF THEY CAN SEE ME...

PERSONALLY, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY.

LOOK, BOSS, YOU'VE NO REASON AT ALL TO BLAME YOURSELF! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT AND ANYWAY YOU GOT OUT WITH EVERYTHING YOU HAD WHEN YOU LEFT THE UNIVERSITY.

EXCEPT AN APPRENTICE.

CAN I HELP IT IF YOU HIRE THE INERT?

THAT DAMN APPRENTICE! OF COURSE HE LEARNED MORE ABOUT THE TRADE THAN HE SHOULD'VE, BUT SOMEHOW, HE NEVER PICKED UP THE FINER POINTS OF APPLIED SORCERY.



LIKE MOST WIZARDS, THE BOSS DIDN'T DEPEND ON MAGIC ONLY FOR HIS LIVELIHOOD. THE BOSS HAD SIX SILOS FILLED WITH GRAIN, FOR SERVICES RENDERED DURING THE HARVEST SEASON.



WE COULDN'T USE IT ALL, SO WHEN WINTER CAME HE'D SELL IT IN THE HILLS FOR A WICKED PROFIT. BUT WE DID USE SOME, AND GUESS WHO HAD TO CLIMB INTO THE SILO TO GET IT?

OF COURSE IT WASN'T NECESSARY TO GO ALL THE WAY TO THE SILOS FOR GRAIN. ALL YOU NEEDED WAS SAND, A FEW KERNELS AND THE RIGHT WORDS. AND PRESTO! YOU HAD ALL THE GRAIN YOU NEEDED!



TROUBLE IS THE SPELLS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. REQUIRES SOME BADASS DEMONS!

NOW MAYBE IF THE BOSS'S APPRENTICE HAD SAID THE WORDS WITH THE RIGHT WAVELENGTHS, OR MADE THE PASSES WITH HIS HANDS COUNTER-CLOCKWISE INSTEAD OF CLOCKWISE, IT WOULDN'T'VE BEEN SO HARD TO CLEAN UP AFTERWARD.



BUT YOU NEVER USE CONTAMINATED SAND IN A DEMON SPELL.

HE NEVER KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT... HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO CANCEL THE SPELL... HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIMSELF!



DEMON CONTRACTS ARE RISKY THINGS, AND A SPELL CAN COME APART UNDER THE REVENGE OF SPITEFUL DEMONS IF THE SPELL ISN'T CORRECT TO THE LETTER. THANK GHU THEY'RE A LOUD BUNCH!

SORRY BOSS, NA/TIMES OVER RISE AND SHINE. BOSS, IT'S A RAID!





WELL, WE GOT OUT OF THERE FAST, TAKING THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS THE BOSS HAD: HIS BOOK, HIS BOB AND HIS HAT, IN THAT ORDER OF IMPORTANCE!



TRUST A DEMON TO BETHOROUGH! WHEN NO TWO STONES WERE LEFT STANDING TOGETHER, THEY SIMPLY DISMISSED THEMSELVES, OR SO WE THOUGHT!



WE SAW ONLY TWO OF THE SLOS BURNING, SO THERE MIGHT'VE BEEN SOME GRAIN LEFT. GUESS WHO HAD TO DO THE CHECKING?



THE SECOND ONE WAS FULL OF MOLTEN LEAD. CLASSY?



BURNING SLIME...



RATS!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE FIFTH SLO...



...AND I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE SIXTH.



WHAT A NIGHT! DOOH, THAT WAS A MEAN LADY. I THINK SHE BROKE MY ENTIRE BODY TWICE! BGM, I FELT BETTER AS A CAT!



THE BOSS SEEMED CONTENT, BUT THERE ON THE TABLE, OPEN AND UNGUARDED, WAS HIS BOOK!



A SORCERER'S BOOK IS FAR MORE THAN JUST A COLLECTION OF SPELLS. IT'S A KEY TO POWER UNRESTRAINED, PLATFORM FOR DANGEROUS EXPLOITS AND UNIMAGINABLE COMMANDS.



BUT IT IS ALSO BOUND TO ITS OWNER AND WOE TO ANY WIZARD WHOSE BOOK FALLS INTO UNFRIENDLY HANDS.

FOR A MOMENT I HAD IT! A DEMON'S DREAM INCARNATE! TO CATCH HIS COMPANION OFF GUARD WITH HIS BOOK IN MY POSSESSION WOULD BE FREE TO ROAM AND WRECK AND...



WHAT AM I DOING? AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, I'D GO WANT TO HURT HE HADN'T GOT A FRIEND IN THE WORLD. I COULDN'T DO THAT TO HIM, HE'S SO NICE TO ME.

BESIDES, I SAW THE CHAPTER IT WAS OPEN TO. RENEGADE DEMON HUNTING. I'S GONNA KEEP HERE!

SOMEBODY TOLD ME ABOUT A MUTILATED HORSE IN A WHEAT FIELD NEARBY. OUR LITTLE WIZARD HAD TO DO THAT. AND WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP THE MESS WE'VE MADE, QUICKLY!



HAVE YOU EVER HUNTED DEMONS BEFORE, BOSS?

WELL, I'VE BEEN BORN UP ON IT...

WHEN A DEMON IS DISMISSED, HE RETURNS TO HELL AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS. BUT OCCASIONALLY SOME DEMONS GO A W.O.L. AND WHEN DEPRIVED OF SANCTUARY IN EITHER HEAVEN OR HELL, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE WORLD BREAKING HAVOC WHEREVER THE CHANCE PERMITS.

BUT THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY A HOST OF DEMONS IS TO KNOW THE NAME OF THEIR LEADER. HIS REAL NAME. HIS TRUE NAME.



I KNOW THAT!

I MIGHT HAVE A WAY OF FINDING OUT OUR MISTAKE'S TRUE NAME. IT'LL TAKE ME ABOUT A DAY TO MAKE SURE.

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

FOR THAT MATTER, NEITHER DID I...

THEY DON'T DUPLICATE RECORDS ON THE META-
PHYSICAL LEVEL, SO I HAD TO GO TO THE
CELESTIAL LIBRARY. IT MIGHT TAKE A WHILE,
BUT I'D FIND WHAT I'M WAS LOOKING FOR.

BY THE WAY DEMONS CAN
GET INTO HEAVEN ON A
VISITOR'S VISA.



FORTUNATELY I ONLY HAD TO GO AS FAR AS THE "M3" IN THE BOOK OF BURNINGINGS.



AS USUAL, THE TWIN PICKED A HUNNER.



MARRAGO! TRUE NAME OF GARRCK, THE DESPOILER OF GALL, A REALLY MEAN DUDE. OUGHTA MAKE A FIRST CLASS DEMON.



APPARENTLY THE BOSS HAD GONE OUT AND HAD LEFT ME A NOTE I WAS EXPECTING TROUBLE...

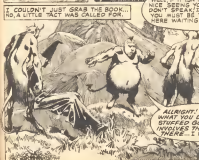
I GOT IT.

Dear Oggie,
I'm hunting Demons.
He He!
the BOSS



I TOOK A SHARP RIGHT AT THE MULTI-LATED HORSE, AND THERE WAS THE BOOK... AND ABOUT 40 DEMONS! WHAT'S WORSE THEY HAD THE BOSS' BOOK.

OH WHAT A NICE LOOKING BOOK! DID YOU LOSE THIS?



I COULDN'T JUST GRAB THE BOOK... RD, A LITTLE TACT WAS CALLED FOR.

WELL IF IT ISN'T THE WIZARD, NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN. OH, DON'T BREAK IT! BAH! HOW GLAD YOU MUST BE TO FIND US ALL HERE WAITING FOR YOU.

ALLRIGHT! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, YOU OVER-STUFFED GOBBIN, BUT IF IT INVOLVES THAT WIZARD OVER THERE... I DO IT FIRST!

WHOOPS! WELL, EXCUSE ME!

MARRAGO!



WAIT A MOMENT! WE'RE ALL BEING BEATEN UP BY THIS LITTLE PEST, THEN WHO'S HOLDING THE WIZARD'S MOUTH SHUT?

THREE GUESSES?



IT WORKED! THE BOSS WAS FREE AT TIMES I'M BRILLIANTLY BRUISED, BUT BRILLIANT.

BRONCHITIS VANDER RUHM BEGONE, HARRAGGO, TO THE DUST WITH YOU AND YOUR HOSTS! PARTY OVER, AND AWAY!



IT MUST'VE BEEN A CLASSY SPELL! ONE MINUTE THE GREEN BAY PACKERS WERE TAP DANCING ON MY FACE, THE NEXT MOMENT I'M UNDER 40 EMPTY SAUSAGE SKINS.



WWW! AS I RECALL DEMON SKINS WERE IN RARE SUPPLY, AND GETTING A HUGE PRICE, I THINK WE'VE GOT QUITE A CATCH HERE...

WELL I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS, I'M MAKING A MANURE SACK OUT OF THIS DOORKNOB!



LET'S SLOW THE WHOLE AREA, MERLAW... THERE'S REALLY NOTHING HERE THAT'S YOUR CALIBER OF WORK.

JUST WHERE WOULD WE GO?

I HEARD A LOT ABOUT A GREAT SPOT, IT'S A LITTLE COMMUNITY CENTER, LOTSA ROOM FOR ADVANCEMENT!

WELL, WHY NOT!

ONCE AGAIN PROVING THE OLD AXIOM THAT A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS DEMON.

PROLOGUE

IT WAS NEVER HOT THE DAY THEY
BURIED BERNARDO ALIVE.

THE OHIO FAIR
OF 1937

A STEAM CALLIOPE SQUAWKED AND BLEATED ITS WAY THROUGH
A DISPLAY OF PATRIOTIC MARCHES. MEN WIPED THEIR SWEAT-
SOAKED FACES WITH HANDKERCHIEFS, WOMEN FANNED THEMSELVES,
AND THE KIDS WERE MORE RESTLESS THAN USUAL.

EXPERTS AGREED BERNARDO'S
CASNET WAS ESCAPE-PROOF
AND AIRTIGHT.



VOLUNTEERS FROM THE
AUDIENCE CONCURRED.



NOBODY
CAN SURVIVE
THIRTY SIX
HOURS IN A
SEALED
CASNET!

BERNARDO WELT. THERE'S
NEVER BEEN A MAGICIAN
OR ESCAPE ARTIST LIKE
HIM. I HEAR HE KEEPS
DETAILED NOTES ON
EVERY FEAT HE DOES
SOMEWHERE IN THAT
MANSON OF HIS.

THE BURIAL OCCURRED AT MIDN
NOON. THE RESURRECTION TOOK
PLACE THIRTY SIX HOURS LATER,
AT MIDNIGHT.



THE CROWD WAS BREATHLESS.



UNFORTUNATELY, SO WAS BERNARDO.

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WENT WRONG THAT DAY. BERNARDO'S NOTES, IF THEY EVER EXISTED, WERE NEVER FOUND.



EDWARD MONTESSORO SHUDDERED OVER THE PROPERTY THAT HAD JUST COST HIM HIS LIFE SAVINGS. IT MAY H. HE BEEN GRAND AT ONE TIME, RIGHT NOW IT WAS A MISERABLE WRECK. BUT IT WAS HIS... LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL.

A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM ISSUED FROM THE HOUSE.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY HIS WIFE JENNY SEALED THE HOUSE AND MOVED IN WITH HER MOTHER. A PRUDER, JENNY STEADFASTLY REFUSED TO SELL OR OPEN THE HOUSE TO TOURISTS.

TWO WEEKS AGO, SHE OWED THE HOUSE WENT UP FOR AUCTION.

House of Magic

HIS PUBLISHER HAD PROMISED A WHOPPING ADVANCE FOR THE NOTES. IF MONTESSORO AMOUNT THEM, HE'D DOMINATE THE BEST-SELLER LISTS FOR YEARS TO COME.



HE REMEMBERED STORIES ABOUT VAMPIRES WHO BROKE IN FROM TIME TO TIME TO SEARCH FOR THE NOTES. NONE WERE EVER SEEN AGAIN.

AT LEAST THE ELECTRICITY'S BEEN RESTORED.

IT WAS COMMONLY THOUGHT THAT BERNARDO HAD THE HOUSE TO PROTECT HIS SECRETS.

MONTESSORO MADE A PRELIMINARY INSPECTION OF THE HOUSE AND NOTED WITH A SIGH THAT THE PHONE COMPANY HAD NOT YET INSTALLED HIS INSTRUMENT. HE FOUND A SMALL BAR IN A REAR CORNER OF THE STUDY AND POUNDED HIMSELF A GRIN.



TO YOU, THE MAN WHO PUT THE AWES BACK IN AUDIENCE. YOU DON'T APPROVE OF MY BEING HERE? TOUGH TITMUSE, OLD BOY. YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE AND YOU BLEW IT.



THE PLUNTING MADE MONTRESSOR UNCOMFORTABLE, YET HE WAS FASCINATED BY ITS VIVID EYES AND TIGHT GRIM SCOWL. HE PLOURED HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK TO FLUSH THE GROSSNESS FROM HIS STOMACH AND MIND.



YOU'RE A ROTTEN CONVERSATIONALIST, BERNARDO. I'M GOING TO BED.

IT WAS COLD AND SNOWING HARD. THE MAN WAITED AN HOUR AFTER THE LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURNED OFF INSIDE, JUST TO BE SURE.



THEN HE MOVED LIKE A BLACK SNAKE OVER THE WHITE POWDER.

MONTRESSOR WENT TO SLEEP ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. HE LAY STILL AS A CORPSE.



HE WAS COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT THE BED HAD WALKED FIFTEEN FEET IN THE PAST HOUR.

IT MOVED SLOWLY, LUMBERINGLY BECAUSE IT WAS VERY OLD AND BECAUSE IT DIDN'T WANT TO WAKE MONTRESSOR. IT LEFT A TRAIL OF SCRATCHES ON THE WARDWOOD FLOOR.



A FEW FEET BEFORE THE WINDOW'SILL, IT STOPPED.



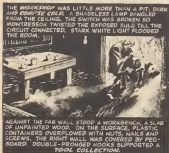
WITHOUT WARNING, THE BED CATAULPULTED TO A VERTICAL POSITION, MONTRESSOR, WRAPPED IN A COCOON OF SATIN SHEETS, QUILTS AND VELVET DRAPERIES, SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW.



HE PLUMMETED AND HIT HARD, ROLLING TO A STANDSTILL THROUGH THE FRESH SNOW. HE HURT ALL OVER, BUT HE WAS STILL ALIVE. SNOW AND YARDS OF FABRIC HAD CUSHIONED HIS FALL. NOTHING WAS BROKEN, AS FAR AS HE COULD TELL.



SHOCKED, WET AND COLD, STRUGGLING TO FREE HIMSELF, MONTRESSOR SAW FOOTPRINTS IMPRINTED IN THE SNOW.



"WELCOME TO HELL, MONTRESSOR!" IT WAS BERNARDO'S VOICE, HE WAS SURE, A WHISPER IN HIS MIND.



SOMETHING TORE HIS CHEEK, JUST BELOW THE LEFT EYE, AND CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR. A SCREW! FIRED LIKE A PISTOL SHOT FROM THE WORKBENCH!

HELL! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN FIFTY OF THEM STICKING OUT OF HIS LEGS! AS THOUGH HE WERE A PIN CUSHION.



IN HIS MIND, THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD WAS LIKE THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING!



HIS LEGS THROBBED, THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT PROVE THE NAILS DEEPER INTO HIS MUSCLES. HE JERKED OUT A HANDFUL AND WOBLED UNSTEADILY.

MONTRESSOR CURNED, HIS LEGS BUCKLED, PARALYZED, NOT BEARING ANOMIES ATE HIS CALVES AND THIGHS. INSTINCTIVELY, HE REACHED DOWN.



HE REMEMBERED THE AXE ON THE PEGBOARD.



SHRIEKING, HE FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE QUADELUPED, WHACKING BLINDLY AND REPEATEDLY. SLIVERS AND WOOD CHIPS FLEW LIKE CONFETTI.

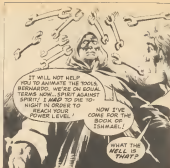


MONTRESOR TURNED. THE BLACK-ROBED GUYSE, ALIVE AND ERECT, STOOD BEHIND HIM.

YOU'RE DEAD!

SO IS
BERNARDO, BUT
HIS POWER
OBVIOUSLY LIVES ON!
WHEN I ENTERED THE
GATES, HIS GARGOYLES
ATTACKED ME. BERNARDO
THOUGHT I WAS
DEAD THEN, AND
SO I WAS.

BUT NOW MY POWER
EQUALS HIS OWN AND I'VE
COME TO EMPEROR BERNARDO'S
HOLD OVER THIS HOUSE
AND RECLAIM WHAT IS
RIGHTFULLY MINE.



IT WILL NOT HELP
YOU TO ANIMATE THE TOOLS,
BERNARDO. WE'RE ON EQUAL
TERMS NOW... SPIRIT AGAINST
SPIRIT! I HAD TO DIE TO
RIGHT IN ORDER TO
REACH YOUR
POWER LEVEL!

NOW I'VE
COME FOR THE
BOOK OF
ISHMAEL!

WHAT THE
HELL IS
THAT?

TOOLS CLATTERED
TO THE FLOOR!

A GRIMOIRE... THE
KEY TO INCREDIBLE
POWER. THE BOOK WAS
ONCE MINE. BEFORE I
COULD MASTER IT, IT WAS
STOLEN BY MY TRUSTED
ASSISTANT...
BERNARDO.

FOR FIFTY YEARS,
I'VE HUNTED HIM AND
THE BOOK. MONTHS AGO,
I TRACKED HIM TO THIS
REGION. WHEN THE HOUSE
WAS AUCTIONED, THE PAPERS
DISCLOSED UP A LOT OF
OLD HISTORY AND I
KNEW TO FIND
HIM, AT LAST.

IN FACT, HE LEARNED
WHAT I WAS TO LEARN YEARS
LATER... ~~DEATH~~ IS THE KEY TO
POWER! TO ACCOMPLISH
GREAT MAGIC, ONE MUST
FIRST EXPERIENCE DEATH.
IT IS THE GATEWAY
TO THAT ULTIMATE
LEVEL OF CON-
SCIOUSNESS!

BERNARDO'S
PREMATURE BURIAL
WAS NOT FAILURE...
IT WAS SUICIDE!

HOW'D YOU
KNOW WHERE TO
FIND THE
BOOK?

ONCE I'VE
ENTERED A HOUSE,
I REMEMBER ANY-
THING THAT EVER
HAPPENED WITH-
IN ITS WALLS.

BEFORE, I STOLE THE
BOOK BECAUSE IT WAS
AFFECTING YOUR MIND, COR-
RUPTING YOU! SUCH POWER IS
TOO MUCH FOR ANYONE TO HANDLE!
I'VE KEPT IT LOCKED AND PROTECTED
IT BECAUSE IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
ANY MISUSE COULD MEAN
DISASTER FOR HUMANITY!

MAGICALLY, BERNARDO'S
FACE APPEARS IN THE
DARKNESS.

I'VE USED IT ONLY TO
TRANSFER MY LIFE FORCE
INTO ANOTHER CONTAINER,
SO I COULD GUARD ITS
SECRETS FOR
ETERNITY!

IF THE BOOK
WAS SO DANGER-
OUS, WHY DIDN'T
YOU DESTROY IT? YOU
WANTED ITS MAGIC YOUR-
SELF... AND NOW IT'S
CORRUPTED YOU!

TRANSFERRED HIS LIFE FORCE INTO SOME OTHER CONTAINER...? OF COURSE, IT HAD TO BE! THOSE PERSPICACIOUS EYES, THAT VIRULENT SCOWL...THE PAINTING!

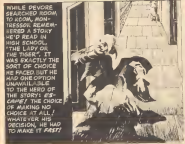


MONTESSOR WAS STARTLED. HE DIDN'T REALIZE HE'D SPOKEN ALoud. AUTOMATICALLY HE STARTED TO RESPOND, THEN STOPPED. WHO WAS TELLING THE TRUTH... BERNARDO OR DEVORE? HE HAD NO WAY TO KNOW.



HE REGRETTED HAVING SPOKEN PREMATURELY, BUT HE'D NOT COMPOUND THE ERROR. HE STARTED DUMBLY AT DEVORE, SWIFTLY, DEVORE STORMED OUT OF THE BASEMENT, AND UP THE STAIRCASE, TWO STEPS AT A TIME.

SOONER OR LATER HE'D FIND THE PAINTING AND HE'D KNOW. JUST AS MONTESSOR KNEW, AND WHAT THEN? IF DEVORE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, IT MUST BE DESTROYED. IF BERNARDO WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, IT MUST BE PROTECTED. MONTESSOR HOBBLED UPSTAIRS.



WHILE DEVORE SEARCHED ROOM TO ROOM, MONTESSOR REMEMBERED A STORY HE'D READ IN HIGH SCHOOL. "THE LADY OR THE TIGER". IT WAS EXACTLY THE SORT OF CHOICE HE FACED BUT HE HAD ONE OPTION UNAVAILABLE TO THE HERO OF THE STORY! IT'S CAME! THE CHOICE OF MAKING NO CHOICE AT ALL! WHATEVER HIS DECISION, HE HAD TO MAKE IT FAST!



FINDING HE IS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE!

FROM THE SMALL BAR AT THE REAR OF THE STUDY A BOTTLE FLEW INTO THE AIR AND ACROSS THE ROOM. BARELY MISSING DEVORE, IT SHATTERED AGAINST THE FLOOR.



INCREDIBLY, THE PORTRAIT DISLODGED ITSELF AND GLIDED ABOUT THE ROOM LIKE A MAGIC CARPET, EVADING THE FLAME-STREAMS. FIRE CHARRED THE WALLS, BLACKENED THE CEILING, AND SPARKED THE DRAPERIES, BUT NEVER TOUCHED THE CANVAS, OBVIOUSLY TO THE INCIDENTAL DESTRUCTION, DEVORE KEPT RIGHT ON BLASTING.



SWOOSH!

RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE, MONTRESSOR CHARGED ACROSS THE LAWN, AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, NOT EVEN LOOKING BACK AS THE GARGOYLES LUNGERINGLY LEFT THEIR STONE PEDESTALS.



THEN ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. CARRIED BY POWERFUL WATLE WINDS, THE GARGOYLES CRASHED INTO THE STONE, SHREDDING IT WITH GLASS, PLASTER, AND SPLINTERS OF WOODEN BEAMS.

EVEN THEY CAN'T STOP ME NOW, BERNARDO!



DEVORE WAS, OF COURSE, WRONG. WEAKENED BY AGE AND RUPTURE, THE SUPPORTS GAVE WAY AND THE HOUSE, LIKE THE PROVERBIAL WALLS OF JERICHO, CAME TUMBLING DOWN. ONLY THEN DID MONTRESSOR STOP AND LOOK BACK.

THE HOUSE AND MONTRESSOR'S LIFE SAVINGS WERE GONE. WHEN THE RUBBLE WAS FINALLY CLEARED, WEEKS LATER, THE PAINTING WAS FOUND, SHREDDED BEYOND RECOGNITION.



THERE WAS NO TRACE OF DEVORE, NOR THE BOOK OF ISHMAEL. WERE THEY TOO DESTROYED? OR HAD DEVORE GOT WHAT HE CAME FOR? IF DEVORE WAS AS EVIL AS BERNARDO HAD CLAIMED, WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH THE BOOK?



THESE AND OTHER UNANSWERED QUESTIONS KEPT MONTRESSOR AWAKE NIGHTS. HE DID GET HIS BEST SELLER HOWEVER. THE CRITICS HAILED IT AS A MASTERFUL WORK OF SUPERNATURAL FICTION, WHICH ANNOYED MONTRESSOR NO END, BUT WHAT THE HELL, IT WAS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST SELLER LIST FOR THIRTY-NINE DAYS.

CITRUS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, IN THE OFFICES OF HENRY WILSON, PROPERTY MANAGER FOR A RATHER PROSPEROUS HOUSING DEVELOPMENT.

LOOK, MRS. MACCREISH, I KNOW YOUR WALLS ARE CRACKED, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT! EARTH TREMORS ARE CLEARLY DERIVED AS 'ACTS OF GOD'...

WELL, THE SAME TO YOU!

Hell's playground

BLASTED MADHOUSE! IT'S NOT LIKE THE CUCKOOHOUSE REALLY OPENED UP, IT WAS JUST A MINOR TREMBOR, NOT ENOUGH TO...

NOW WHAT? IF IT'S ANOTHER BROKEN PIPE, I SWEAR I'LL...

BRRING!

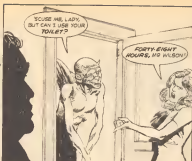
W-HO, MR. WILSON, IT ISN'T BROKEN PIPES

NO, IT ISN'T ABOUT THE WALLS EITHER.

IT'S ABOUT MY BACKYARD.



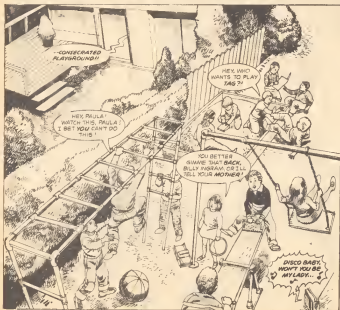












STAR WARS

LUKE SKYWALKER



Luke Skywalker Action Figure. A hero in rebel wings, all through the galaxy, he saves charges, rescues the starliners, the battle for the desert planets, and to save her from the evil machinations of Lord Darth Vader! Duty leads him away in the battle of the Death Star. But what does he have in store for our hero? Luke stands 2 1/4" in this version with authentic lego sides to play with. A truly hero! #23785/\$2.95

OBI-WAN KENOBI



Obi-Wan Kenobi Action Figure. Luke's mentor, Master of the Force, best of the Jedi Knights, Obi-Wan rescues him from capture on Tatooine to help the rebels fight the evil Empire. Obi-Wan comes with removable cape, robe and side light saber. Obi-Wan stands 2 1/4" in this version with authentic lego sides to play with. A truly hero! #23786/\$2.95

ACTION FIGURES

For Action Packed Adventures

SAND PEOPLE



Sand People Action Figure. In the desert of Tatooine, the Sand People are a fierce and cunning race. They are the enemies of the Empire as a scavenger race and are not registered as any "civilization." Each Sand Person is 2 1/4" high, with removable arms, legs and head, and has a detachable cape. #24783/\$2.95

DARTH VADER



Darth Vader Action Figure. The dark lord of the Sith must in all his evil power. This 2 1/4" figure of the prince of the galaxy of horror must be a terrifying force to fear. Removable arms, legs, and head. The figure of the emperor has escaped the destruction of the planet. He is the most feared of the Sith. Can you come off? #24784/\$2.95

DEATH SQUAD COMMANDER



Death Squad Commander Action Figure. He leads every effort to capture Luke, Han Solo, and C-3PO on their trip to rescue Princess Leia from prison on Death Star. A leader of the troops, he gives out each soldier in a system of the authority. This 2 1/4" figure has removable arms, legs and head. He is a leader of the troops. He is a leader of the troops. He is a leader of the troops. #24785/\$2.95

PRINCESS LEIA



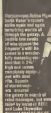
Princess Leia Action Figure. Princess of the Star Wars who led armies against her government. She is a leader of the troops. She is a leader of the troops. She is a leader of the troops. #24786/\$2.95

ARTOO DETOO



Artoo Detoo Action Figure. The droid who saves the day. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. #24787/\$2.95

STORMTROOPER



Stormtrooper Action Figure. The most feared of the Empire. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. #24788/\$2.95

SEE THREEPIO



See Threepio Action Figure. The droid who saves the day. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. #24789/\$2.95

CHEWBACCA



Chewbacca Action Figure. The loyal best friend of Han Solo. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. He is a hero in the galaxy. #24790/\$2.95

**STAR WARS
CHARM
BRACELET**

DARTH VADER EARRING

A pair of small, round earrings designed to look like the front of the R2D2 droid. Each earring has a black circular body with white details, including a small antenna on top and a rectangular panel with a circular element in the center. They are shown against a white background.

C3PO EARRINGS

STAR WARS BELT BUCKLES

STAR WARES

**R2D2
& C3PO
WATCH**

STAR WARS WATCH LOVER & C3PO have to be the two most popular items in the galaxy. You can't be in the galaxy if you don't have them. This watch has the two most popular items in the galaxy.

**DARTH
VADER
WATCH**

IF YOU WANT WATCH LOVER & DARTH VADER to be the two most popular items in the galaxy, you can't be in the galaxy if you don't have them. This watch has the two most popular items in the galaxy.

SPECTACULAR

PORTN HAGER STON
The Moments of the Week
Kenny and Lulu. Say
water. First the way
to get to the great
cotton. Second the
photo. It's a double
win. Let all know that
you're not a kid. You
are a kid. You are a
kid. You are a kid.



PENDANT & CHAIN

5000 POUNDS of chemicals and more than 200 tons of sulfur dioxide were dumped at the plant, according to the newspaper.

STAR WARS

CDP **WIKI** **How** **Two**
 (1977) **Star Wars** **Wiki** **is**
 the ultimate source of
 all things Star Wars. It
 is the only place you can
 find everything you need
 to know about Star Wars.
 It is the only place you can
 find everything you need
 to know about Star Wars.

STICK PINS

2000 STICKPIN 2000
pinball play like 2000
the with massive gun
and bonus with a big
climb to guarantee safety
and long way. 2000 was
never pinball shot but an
extra 25 to be awarded for
way through hole and

[illegible]

**C3PO
ENDANT & CHAIN**

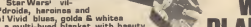
STAR WARS TOOTH-BRUSH

[illegible]

NEW! NEW! NEW!
STAR
WARS

SLEEPING BAG

STAR SLEEPING BAG WARS



A "force-ful" way to stay warm! New, colorful, 100% acrylic blanket, featuring Star Wars' villains, droids, heroines and heroes! Vivid blues, golds & whites create a multi-hued blanket with beauty and durability. An added to any "Star Wars" collection! #28051/\$11.75

**STAR
WARS
BLANKET**

10

LORD of the RINGS SCULPTURE BANKS



#26138/\$6.25



#26136/\$5.75



#26139/\$6.25

UP TO
13" TALL
IN
FULL
COLOR



#26155/\$5.75

LORD OF THE RINGS BANKS Classic, colorful, fully detailed character banks feature the villains and heroes of "The Lord of the Rings," meticulously sculpted as durable vinyl and realistically painted. Brave Frodo, loyal Sam, wise Gandalf, heroic Aragorn, formidable Gollum and the fearsome Ringwraith stand from 9-1/2" to 13" tall. Their poses are characteristically lifelike and their coloring is realistically molded and colored to perfectly reflect those of the film's characters. These banks are certain to become Tolkien collector's classics.



#26140/\$6.25



#26137/\$5.75

GANDALF MOVIE POSTER
Full, brilliant color! This is the painting used to advertise the movie "Lord of the Rings." Below billowing clouds, Gandalf casts a spell of power in this 22" x32" masterpiece in crimson, gold and blue!
#29016/\$2.50



FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING POSTER
22"x32" full color poster of the Fellowship that will rid Middle-Earth of Sauron. Gandalf, Aragorn, Legolas, Boromir, Gimli and the Hobbits are clad in earthy colors. And Gollum crouches nearby!
#29014/\$2.50



POSTERS!

A Lordly Collection of the Best from the Movie!



GOLLUM MOVIE POSTER
22"x32" poster featuring Gollum as he skulks away a log in the background. Frodo and Sam follow his lead thru the Dead Mambes on the way to the dread Mists of Mordor.
#29015/\$2.50

J.R.R. Tolkien's

The Lord of the Rings

LORD OF THE RINGS BUTTONS
Six technique reproductions of the main characters from the most awesome cartoon movie ever made. J.R.R. Tolkien's epic of Middle-Earth becomes real! All your favorite characters are here: Frodo, Gandalf, Bilbo, Samwise, Aragorn and the incredible Gollum! Each are full reproductions from movie stills, 3" wide and only one dollar each!



To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM

CREEPY BACK ISSUES



To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient **RUSH ORDER FORM**.

**MORE
BACK
ISSUES
TURN
PAGE**

HOME MOVIES SO GHASTLY... YOU'LL BE ASTONISHED

BLACK ROOM



The menacing Boris Karloff, one of the finest "horror" actors of all time, stars in this terrifying little film. A silent wonder! Who are these two locked in secret? (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

THE WOLFMAN'S CURE



Larry Talbot arrives at the movie "House of Horrors" to discover the cure for an illness that has plagued him since birth. Every foot has some time to waste! Can he be cured or will the cure bring about his end? (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

MASTERS OF TERROR



Robert Langdon has the winning idea in this suspenseful movie. He is a detective who is in a race to find out who is behind the murders. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

EARTH VS. FLYING SAUCERS



Earth is invaded by UFO saucers from outer space. Can humans win? (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST



Far in the story stage of a horror movie, the story is told in a way that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH



Ray Millan makes a special effort to bring you a story that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

CAPTAIN MEPHISTO



Christopher, in a strange and mysterious film, is a story that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

THE CLAW MONSTERS



A very strange and exciting story that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

MASTER OF HORROR



Who else could it be but the one and only Boris Karloff? (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE



Admiral, flying saucers from outer space, and a story that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB



The normal of this version is a story that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

THE VAMPIRE & THE BALLERINA



This is one of the scariest of all the Vampire films. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER



Frankenstein in a new version. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

BLACK WIDOW



A very beautiful story that is both terrifying and exciting. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

WAR OF THE WORLDS



An H.G. Wells classic. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

SAVE YOUR CREEPY

Blackie Wrenn's "Creepy" is a collection of horror stories. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

CREEPY FAN CLUB

Join the "Creepy" fan club. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

Super-Hero Model Kits!

Build your own superhero. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

MOVIE PROJECTOR!

For REG 8 & SUPER 8 MOVIES. (17) Color. 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95. (1934) 100 ft. Reel. \$14.95.

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